Separate Edition c 1985.

Not in BUC

Composed by Ivor Jones Hunter.

(8) £15—

*The celebrated*

# DEATH SONG

*of the*

# Cherokee Indians

*Price 1s.*

**Printed by Longman and Broderip N°26 Cheapside and N°13 Hay Market**

Entered at Stationer's Hall.

Violini

Flauti e Voce

Andante Expreſsivo

The Sun ſets in

Night, and the Stars ſhun the Day; But Glo-ry re-mains when their

lights fade a - - way. but Glo - ry re - mains when their lights fade a -

- way. Flauti Be - gin, ye Tor -

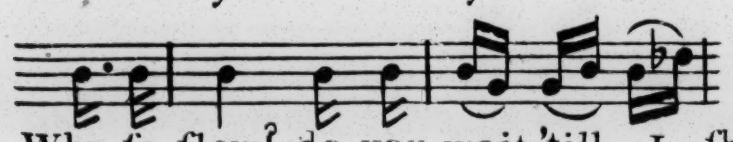
tenute

mentors, your threats are in vain for the Son of ALKNOMOOK shall

ne - ver complain. for the Son of ALKNOMOOK shall never complain.

2

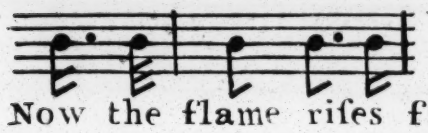
Remember the Arrows he ſhot from his Bow;
Remember your Chiefs by his Hatchet laid low:



Why ſo ſlow? do you wait 'till I ſhrink from the Pain?
No, the Son of ALKNOMOOK will never complain.

3

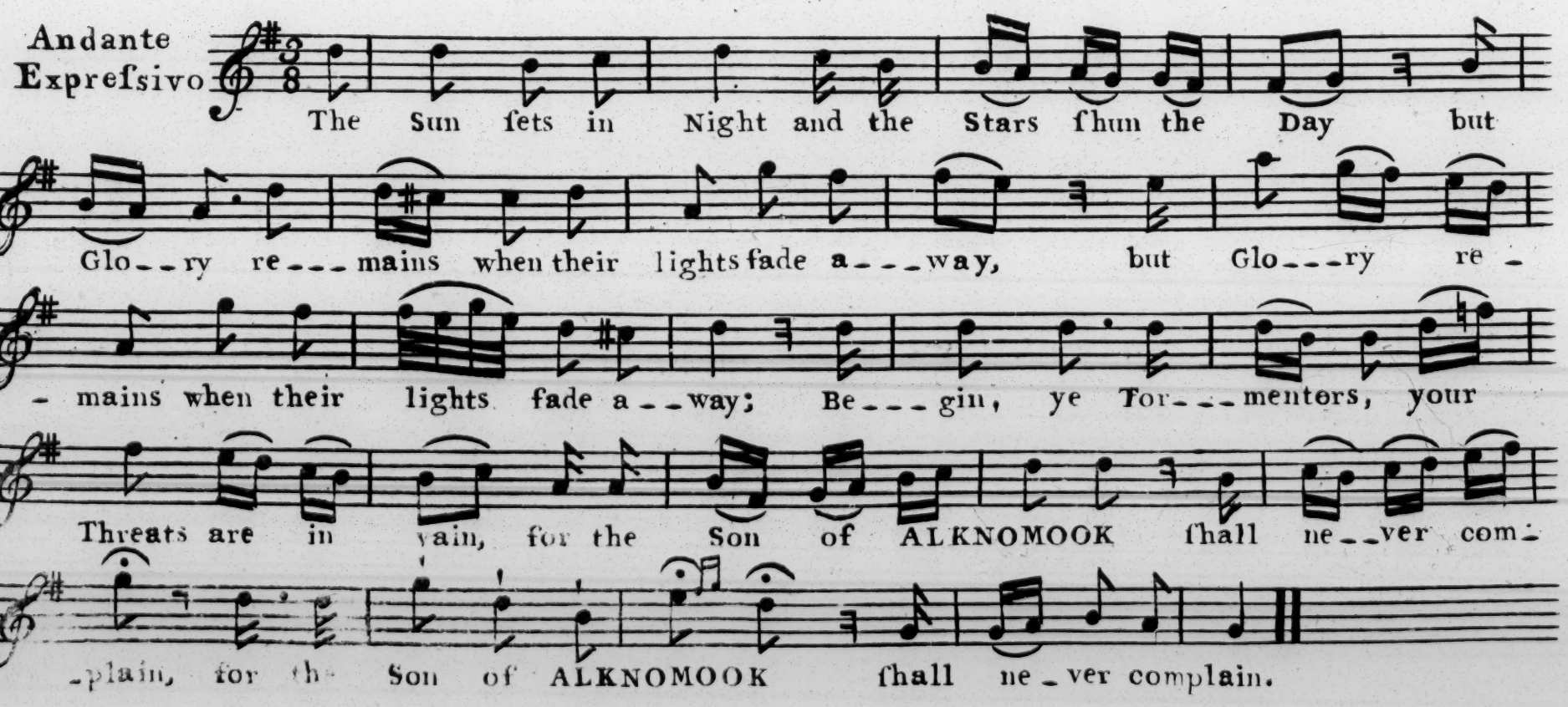
Remember the Wood where in Ambuſh we lay,

And the Scalps which we bore from your Nations away.

Now the flame riſes faſt, you exult in my pain,
But the Son of ALKNOMOOK can never complain.

4

I go to the Land where my Father is gone;
His Ghoſt ſhall rejoice in the Fame of his Son:
Death comes like a Friend, he relieves me from pain,
And thy Son, O ALKNOMOOK, has ſcorn'd to complain.

## German Flute or Guitar


Andante
Expreſsivo
The Sun ſets in Night and the Stars ſhun the Day but
Glo--ry re---mains when their lights fade a---way, but Glo---ry re-
-mains when their lights fade a--way; Be---gin, ye Tor---menters, your
Threats are in vain, for the Son of ALKNOMOOK ſhall ne--ver com-
-plain, for the Son of ALKNOMOOK ſhall ne-ver complain.